

The Pride in His Eyes

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The Pride in His Eyes

by [MollyPollyKinz](#)

Summary

“I’m Tommy,” Tommy said, “Do you want to give me your name?”

The kid hesitated. “Shroud,” he said quietly.

Tommy smiled. “That’s a cool name.” Tommy hoped he sounded reassuring. He wasn’t entirely sure how to do this.

“Really?” Shroud asked, his eyes shining hopefully.

Or, retired and healing Tommy finds a child to adopt. (don’t need to read the past fic to understand this)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Tommy was twenty-two when he found Shroud.

Well, more accurately, Michael had found him.

It all started when Tommy was taking a walk with Michael, because Tommy was the best uncle ever and Michael knew it. Michael was busy talking about all of the interesting things he learned in school and complaining about the racist bullies that called him names. Tommy made a mental note to speak to the teachers about that, informing them exactly who Tommy was and who Tommy knew could rip them to shreds.

Nobody hurt Tommy's nephew and got away with it.

"Any interesting projects happening, bud?" Tommy asked instead, distracting himself from daydreaming about murdering teachers who let his nephew get bullied.

Michael hummed. "We're doing a project on our heroes," he admitted, "I'm going to write about you!"

Tommy nearly stopped short at that. "Me?" he repeated, hardly believing it.

"Well, I wanted to write about Daddy or Papa," Michael said, kicking the dirt path with a frown on his face, "But someone else had already taken Papa, and the teacher said that Daddy hadn't done anything historical for the project to work out."

Tommy scoffed. "I'll have you know that Ranboo has done plenty of historical things."

"Really?" Michael asked, his eyes widening.

"Yep!" Tommy said cheerfully, "He adopted you, didn't he?"

Michael huffed. "That doesn't count!"

Tommy hummed enjoying the sound of the birds singing before answering. "Well, I think you're far more important than any old war."

"Really?" Michael asked, "But wars are so exciting!"

Tommy felt a painful tugging sensation at his chest at the words. "They're not," he said quietly, "They're really not."

"Oh."

They were quiet for a few moments after that, but Tommy wanted their walk to be a fun time, not a sad and depressing time, so he ruffled Michael's hair and continued to push through the conversation. "Anyway, I'm very flattered you chose me since Daddy isn't an option. What are you going to write about?"

“The teacher told me that I either had to choose between winning L’manberg’s independence or killing Dram.”

Deep breaths Tommy, just deep breaths. Dream was dead. He couldn’t hurt you anymore. Deep breaths.

“Yeah?” Tommy asked weakly, inhaling and exhaling more exaggeratedly than he needed to, “Which did you chose?”

“I asked Papa, and he said to choose independence,’ Michael said simply.

Tommy let out a breath of relief. That was Tommy’s preferred outcome. He made a mental note to think Tubbo when they got home.

“Well, I can help you with that, of course,” Tommy said, “But if it get sot be too much for me, you’ll have to ask Papa or your history textbook instead.” He hesitated. “Uncle Wilbur might be an option as well, but I’ll ask him first.”

“I don’t think Uncle Wilbur likes me,” Michael said.

Tommy frowned. He didn’t remember Wilbur expressing any dislike toward his nephew.

“Why’s that?”

“He doesn’t play with me at all.”

Oh, that would make sense, come to think of it.

“He’s probably worried that he’ll hurt you,” Tommy said gently, “That’s probably something you’ll have to ask him about.”

Michael opened his mouth to say something more, but he stopped suddenly. “Do you hear that?”

Tommy frowned. He himself hadn’t heard anything, but he knew that Technoblade had better hearing than humans, so he wouldn’t put it past Michael to have better hearing as well.

“No,” Tommy admitted, “What is it?”

Michael frowned, his ears twitching a little bit. “It sounds like crying,” he whispered.

Well, that was certainly not good at all.

“Where’s it coming from?”

Michael pointed into the woods to their left, and Tommy instantly started making his way through the brush, not giving a care of how scratched up and dirty his clothes were probably getting.

“You stay on the path,” Tommy commanded Michael, “If anything happens, scream for me, okay?”

Michael nodded, and Tommy continued deeper into the forest.

It didn't take long for Tommy to hear the crying as well, and he hurried even faster, part of him nervous over leaving Michael alone, and another part of him worried for the poor child that was crying in the middle of the forest.

Finally, Tommy spotted what looked to be a little boy curled up against a tree, his head in his knees, his entire body shaking as he cried.

Tommy's heart instantly felt like it was being stabbed in a million different places at the sight, and he quickly made his way down to the poor kid.

Tommy could see some legs coming out of the kid's back, looking like spider legs, and it didn't take long to deduce that whoever this child was, he was probably a spider hybrid.

"Are you alright?" Tommy asked gently, crouching down in front of the child.

The child looked up at Tommy, eight red eyes staring widely at him, as though he hadn't expected to be approached by anyone in this forest. Tommy didn't exactly blame him.

"Are you alright?" Tommy asked again.

The child sniffed, wiping his many eyes with the side of his sleeve. "Who are you?" he whispered.

"I'm Tommy," Tommy said, "Do you want to give me your name?"

The kid hesitated. "Shroud," he said quietly.

Tommy smiled. "That's a cool name." Tommy hoped he sounded reassuring. He wasn't entirely sure how to do this.

"Really?" Shroud asked, his eyes shining hopefully.

Tommy nodded. "Yeah! Are you lost?"

Shroud sniffed. "I don't know," he whispered.

Tommy hummed. "Well, do you have a home? Parents?"

Shroud shook his head, hugging himself. He looked like he wanted to cry again, and Tommy quickly hurried to rectify the situation.

"Um, that's alright!" Tommy said, his voice more high-pitched, "You can stay with us for now, if you'd like."

Shroud looked as though Tommy had just offered him chocolate. "What?"

"You can live with us." Tommy pointed in the direction of the path. "We already have a kid, his name is Michael. He's probably a little bit older than you, but I'm sure you two could

become good friends.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” Tommy assured him, “And we’ll feed you, and take good care of you, and I’m sure it’s more comfortable than this silly old tree.”

Shroud looked like he was thinking about it, and then he nodded. “Can I live with you?” he whispered.

“Of course, you can, big man,” Tommy said. He held out his hand, and Shroud took it, holding onto it tightly.

Tommy helped Shroud to his feet, and together they made their way back to the path where Michael was waiting.

“Is that the boy who was crying?” Michael asked, looking concerned.

“Michael, this is Shroud,” Tommy introduced, “He’s... how old are you?”

Shroud shyly held up seven fingers.

“He’s seven,” Tommy said, “So a few years younger than you.”

Michael made a small face, but it went away quickly. “Okay,” he said simply, “Is he living with us?”

“If he wants to,” Tommy said.

Shroud nodded quickly, grabbing tightly onto Tommy’s arm, as though he was afraid Tommy would leave him behind.

Tommy thought this was strangely quick for a child to get attached to him, but he wasn’t going to complain.

“Alright, I suppose he’s staying.” Tommy smiled.

Shroud fit into their house very quickly after that. Michael and him started acting like brothers, and Shroud started becoming more animated, drawing pictures and playing games and chatting Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo’s ears off.

Tommy helped Shroud learn how to read and write, and when Shroud tentatively asked Tommy if he could learn to play the piano, Tommy was more than happy to sit next to him on the piano bench and show him how to place his fingers on the delicate keys.

One day, while Tommy was reading a book, Shroud walked up to Tommy, nervously holding a picture he had very clearly drawn with crayon.

“What do you have there, Shroud?” Tommy asked.

Shroud looked nervous, swaying from side to side before eventually handing Tommy the sheet of paper very quickly.

Tommy looked down at it, wondering what he could have possible drawn that would make him so nervous.

The picture had a stick figure of Tommy, his yellow hair and red shirt apparent, standing next to a stick figure Shroud, who had his many legs and blue hair drawn onto him. There was a little arrow pointing to Shroud with the label *Shroud*.

But the arrow pointing to Tommy had a different label.

In careful but still shaky handwriting, the word *Daddy* was written next to the arrow pointing to Tommy.

A lump suddenly rose to Tommy's throat, and he felt his eyes burn.

Shroud was giving Tommy a fearful look, and before Tommy quite knew what he was doing, he was pulling Shroud into a hug, burrying his face into Shroud's blue hair

"I love you, Shroud," Tommy whispered, unable to control his tears.

Shroud hugged him back. "So, it's okay?" he whispered, "You can be my daddy?"

"*Of course, I can,*" Tommy promised, "If you... if you trust me with that role, then I'll be more than happy to be your dad."

Shroud made a happy clicking sound at that, and Tommy hugged him closer.

When Tubbo, Ranboo, and Michael came home that day, Tommy grinned brilliantly.

"Tubbo! Ranboo! I'm a father now!"

They made bemused expressions.

"Is that news?" Tubbo asked.

Ranboo scratched the back of his neck. "I kinda thought it was obvious."

"Oh, screw you," Tommy huffed.

Michael and Shroud laughed.

Warm contentment filled Tommy's chest, and he laughed too.

End Notes

I wanted Tommy to adopt Shroud in bjar-verse.

Thank you for reading, i hope you enjoyed, and please be nice in the comments. <3

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